

I pull the plug and I end all this shit in a second
Fuck all the fakes, it's a blessing, I can't even press it
Fuck it, I know that you ain't with it
Bitch, you still ain't get the message
I don't know where you'd be without these rappers
I know you [?]

Roll another blunt up in the zone
Smoke it in the back then I'm out with the dogs
Pack after pack, blow o after o
Make my profits get bigger, I smoke then go home
Ask all your friends, bitch, I go
[?] make 'em go
'Member that shit you don't know
I fucked up the game, you still tryna get shows

I'm used to makin' more bank than [?]
I been on this shit for [?]
[?] make an allowance
I was beginning my race at the top of the slope
Ain't no fuckin' end 'til the voices in my head take over
Yung motherfuckin' Death kill this shit like [?], yuh

Chronicles Of The Death Mane
666, motherfucking Yung Death
Fuck

Death comin', fuckin' up everything that he see in his way
Death throw the keys to the underground but I hide that shit away
Nobody wanna see what gonna happen and fuck with the blade
Deep in the night, I bury you inside of your grave
It be the killer, the Death Mane that sleep in a coffin
And live in a pit that's surrounded by snakes
I live my life in the depths with no light [?] flames
Sever your head for the ritual, look at the physical
[?] the mystical wave
Said you want death [?] that murder my blessing
That shit you don't mess with, it take you away